

Tib to me, was to the effect that we were magnificent liars and not on to the real disposition of Mr. Dog. The ignoramus contended that we must pass out in order to placate their deity, and were very much displeased because we did not look upon our part in the humane ceremony with more fervor. While Tib was trying to toss back a fitting Roland for this amiable Oliver the ring broke up and we were hurried along towards the east. We marched rapidly all that day, the interpreter cheering us on the way with a dirge which we were given to understand was his swan song. At night we joined another horde of the skyscrapers under another chief, and passed the long, dark hours unbound, but carefully guarded by a circle of hungry-looking dogs. I never saw so many dogs in one family before, and I began to appreciate that the canine was a great institution among these embryo policemen.

"It was the second morning after our capture that Tib and I discovered that which surprised us more than the finding of the giants themselves. For after our captor and the new chief had conversed for a few minutes, and Tib had wanted to bet neither understood what the other was saying, they sat down on some skin art-squares near us, and our Simon Legree produced a dirty deck of playing-cards. I thought Tib's eyes would pop out of his head. I wouldn't have been more surprised if the chief had yanked out a grand piano.

"Playing-cards!" gasped Tib. "The idea of these untutored children knowing anything about our great institution! Why, Billy, it shows some white man has been here among 'em and remained alive long enough to teach 'em a few of our home pastimes. I wonder if he was offered up to the Black Dog! What are they playing—whist?"

"Tib, you know, had no use for sports, and I had never known him to tease Fortuna with coin. He always said he was too busy earning money to find time to throw it away to a greater knave than himself.

"They deal five apiece," I informed him. "I think—by heavens, it's so! They are playing poker!"

"And hang me, sir, if they weren't! There they sat, two enormous, copper-colored, tin-horn sports, discarding and drawing with the utmost colority, and punctuating their luck with a few 'wahs!' They evidently had established a standard of values, as bows and spears and skins and pieces of driftwood were quickly put up and changed hands without any confusion.

"Mr. Goliath, of Gath, is evidently playing in hard luck," observed Tib, with snapping eyes, as our captors lost a big pot on three jacks held cold.

"Glad of it!" I cried. "I hope he gets maced for every barbed arrow in his quiver. Serve him plaguey right!"

"I don't know," mused Tib, following the play keenly; "the other Biffel tower strikes me as being, if anything, even more reprehensible of feature. That scar on his left cheek makes him look hungry."

"I, too, noted this. The chief of our tribe was now down to his dogs and captives, and it was evidently a struggle for him to decide which he would hazard. But the dog means life to the snow people, and with a grunt, intended for a sigh, he suddenly motioned for me to step on the carpet.

"Great Scott! He's betting you, Billy!" cried Tib. "Why, this will never do! We mustn't be separated, for I'd be ashamed to go back without you. And alone up here you'd be as helpless as an elder duck in Central park."

"I wrung his hand, but felt discouraged. I was elated to observe he had decided to postpone dying, and hope surged through my frost-lined veins as he gave evidence of returning to his old masterful self. For, even as I was wagered, I believed his savoir faire would yank us both back to the friendly coast, once he got to working.

"The visiting chief tossed a few skins and a spear beside me.

"Looks kind of bad for our boys now," I observed, sorrowfully.

"You're worth more than that, Billy!" cried Tib, drawing near in his excitement. "It's a shame to sacrifice a man that way. Make the old miser at least approach your value. Make him throw in another spear!"

"But I brought no more, and, to Tib's dismay, I changed owners on a pair of tens.

"Of all the senile monstrosities!" he roared. "Why, my child in a gilded cage, I haven't played poker since I was young and foolish, but I'd know more than that. Tell me, what will a flush take?"

"I was ashamed to show any deep knowledge of the game, as Tib had always kept me pretty straight, but I told him, and with a low heart stumbled back to my new master.

"And this idiot here!" continued Tib, forgetting himself in his disgust and tapping his owner on the head, "has thrown you away. He let slide a chance of making a flush in order to draw to a measly pair!"

"Mr. Goliath gave a bowl at Tib's presumption and raised a spear. But Tib was mad clear through, and, shaking his dimpled fist in the other's face, he pointed accusingly at the lone pair and then quickly showed him from the discard how he would have made a heart flush if he'd been bright. "And you call that poker, you old pirate!" hissed Tib, snapping his fingers beneath his disgruntled master's long nose.

"I firmly believed the irate gamster was about to sacrifice the old fellow right then and there with very little ceremony; but—Lord bless you, sir! he knew he had played rotten poker; and dropping his spear he began to talk deep down in his throat and make exonerating gestures. But Tib was obdurate, and, eyeing him scornfully, flapped the damatory pair of spots before his sullen face, while he informed him he couldn't play mumble-peg with a blind man. I tell you, sir, his rage was sublime. It heartened me wonderfully, and I began to think that life among the lowly wasn't so tough, after all.

"Then he caused my heart to leave its accustomed place and to wander up into my throat by giving the chief a shove with his boot and motioning him to quit the rug. The chief scowled and said something which I am sure wouldn't look well if printed in his home paper, and hesitated between leaving the game and scalping Tib. But my patron was fully alive now and confident. "Steal away, you imbecile," he ordered, fiercely, and the voter from Gath, probably realizing that he would lose all to his guest if he continued playing, rolled off the rug with a grunt of rage.

"I didn't know you gambled, Tib?" I gasped.

"The dear old chap's face actually blushed as he met my limpid gaze, and he defended: "Never have since I was very young. Don't think I'm backsliding, Billy. I hate to do it, but it's the only show we have. But mind you, my lad, when once we're safely back at the Suet Pudding club, don't you dare to tell the gang I have been cutting up here in these snowy wastes. I feel ashamed, as I've always tried to keep you from it, but I can't bear to see even a game of chance abused."

"The idea of his apologizing to me for trying to save our two hides! 'Play for all you are worth, Tib,' I begged. "Don't hesitate to hocus-pocus. If you see a card you hanker for, no matter where in the deck it is, encoined, just pluck it out for my sake."

"I'd rather win fair, Billy," he remonstrated. "I wouldn't cheat to save myself, but I may if it will pull you on this side of the table."

"Don't hesitate," I implored, for I knew he could do more parlor-magic with the cards than most professionals. "My giant has been palming cards right along. He took the last trick with a jiu-jitsu hold."

"What!" gasped Tib. "Can't even play a gentleman's game!" And he riffled the pasteboards in a manner that caused his owner to pat himself and eject a few gutturals of admiration. Probably the Arctic circle never before saw such grace as was contained in Tib's famous Chinese riddle.

"Then we met with an obstacle that seemed insurmountable. Tib had no chips. His host had lost everything but his personal weapons and his dogs. Tib motioned for the latter, but Goliath slipped his face into a frown and shook his head. Tib insisted, and in a seductive pantomime represented all of the bow-vows in the fiord as ultimately crossing the rug to the home side. My owner then chipped in and expressed a willingness to put up his canines in turn. I think he was a bit afraid of Tib, but he was an inveterate gambler and evidently believed the luck was with him. Reluctantly Tib's owner gave way, and it was agreed between the chiefs, and in sign language on Tib's part, that one big dog was equal to five pups, and that five dogs should be the limit. With this understanding they began to draw cards.

"They made me move to one side so that I could not read my boss' hand, and then Tib let the first pot go without making a bet, thereby losing his ante of two puppies. My master smiled hideously and the other monolith gave a howl of anger and held his spear against Tib's neck.

"I guess I'd better take the next pot," remarked Tib, as he picked up the cards and passed them to his opponent to deal.

"In doing this he displayed for a few seconds three greasy kings near the top of the deck.

"Oh, why weren't you more careful?" I groaned. "He's palmed them!"

"He thinks he has," grinned Tib, looking up at me in his old care-free way, and winking one brown eye slowly.

"My man skillfully got rid of his extra cards and without looking at his hand bet a pup. Tib calmly pushed over a dog, drew down five babies in change and went him two little ones better. The chief, confident of winning, smiled grimly and seemed to hesitate, and then, as a coxer, raised the bet three pups! Tib quickly came back the limit, five dogs.

"The chief began to go careful now, and slyly peeped at his two-card draw. He had caught a pair of deuces, and feeling sure of victory he tossed back the limit.

"The rug was now covered and crowded with dogs, and it took four of the giants to keep the chips in the pot. Tib added to the gaiety by going the limit once more. Then my man caught a cold and, meeting the raise, threw down his hand. His rage and wonder on beholding just the deuces and three nondescript cards were beautiful to see and a warning to all gambling men. Tib had a pair of fours. His chief laid down his truculent spear and patted him on the shoulder. But the disappearance of the three kings puzzled our common enemy greatly. Doubtless he finally decided he had made a mistake in

discarding; for he carelessly pawed over the dead cards with one immense hand and found the royal trio which he had supposed he held.

"Tensed him a bit," grinned Tib, as he tossed the cards together in an honest deal. "I didn't cheat, my boy. I simply let him try, and he failed. It will teach him to avoid temptation in the future, I hope."

"But the other, being short of dogs, now shoved me onto the mat and motioned that Emma and five dogs be put against me. Tib's treasurer demurred, and wanted to set Emma up alone. Then my patron got mad and threatened to jump onto the rug himself. This scared Goliath, and he sulkily allowed the dogs to be wagered. My captor passed his hand, and to my surprise Tib followed suit, making it the first jackpot.

"He'll be careful in discarding this time, I'm sure," grinned Tib, handing over the deck with a brazen flush carelessly displayed near the top.

"The old fellow grabbed the cards with a grunt of joy, and dealt. Tib hesitated, then opened for one dog. My owner came back with a five-dog boost to draw cards. Tib met it after pondering a bit, and raised it two pups. Back came the limit, and back it went. This cleaned old Copperskin out of quadrupeds, and he bet no more, although he chuckled hoarsely as Tib motioned for three cards. Copperskin then laid his hand face down and signified he was satisfied with what he had. Tib's owner, fearing all was lost, began to growl and apply the point of his spear. Tib waved the weapon aside and bet an infant bow-wow. He was promptly raised the limit in spears. Again he raised, and the dogs were covered with skins. One more raise, and Sitting Bull swept all his belongings to the carpet and triumphantly threw down his hand. Tib showed three aces.

"My master, without examining his cards, gave a loud 'woof!' and began hauling in the stakes, while the other copper demon raised his spear preparatory to transfixing Tib, taking it for granted the latter's plunge had lost all. But Tib with a sharp yell pointed to his adversary's hand, and his infuriated backer reached over and disturbed the cards with his spear point. Although the ten of hearts was on top, all the other cards were brunettes, and worthless.

"Well, sir, it simply swept Sitting Bull and his children off their feet! They had seen him palm a heart flush, and, probably knowing he was the best poker player in the shadow of the North Pole, they had chortled without stint. Goliath, as Emma and I trooped to his side of the skin, gave a gleeful howl and began dancing derisively before his guest. To put the final jolt into the scene, Sitting Bull slapped one of Tib's chips and was immediately bitten through the thumb. With a howl of rage and pain he sent his seven-foot stalker into the misguided cur.

"Then Goliath and his followers broke loose and jumped the other clan to avenge this gross breach of hospitality. I was quickly covered with a mob of the infuriated giants, and, say, for rough horse play it had football on Soldiers' field beaten into a tender nursery game! Some one grabbed me by the heels and pulled me out of the squirming, spear-thrusting mass. I discovered my rescuer was Emma. Together we located Tib's fat form and extricated him. Then, realizing that everyone was busy with home affairs, we scuttled off to the west. I reckon they were too actively engaged to pursue us and three days later we reached the coast and in a half-starved condition ultimately made Gotthab.

"But, do you know, sir, I've often wondered as to the identity of the poor devil who left that life-saving pack of pictures up there on the edge of the Arctic circle."

LAST OF THE VANDERBILT HEIRESES.

—Continued from Page One.

William D. Sloan, at Lenox, the center of gaiety in the famous Bershires of Massachusetts. There were more entertainments for Miss Vanderbilt and her Count, and scores of New Yorkers ran up to meet the jolly Hungarian and to tell him what a lucky dog he was.

Miss Vanderbilt was born in 1886, youngest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's six children. William M. Vanderbilt, the oldest son, died while at Yale in 1892. Little Gladys, years younger than the next oldest, was the plaything of the family. When he was stricken with illness that eventually carried him off, Cornelius Vanderbilt made the little girl his constant companion. Wherever in Newport the sick man went the little girl was sure to go, her little face so full of solicitude for the dear invalid whom she loved so. The devotion of the little girl was the theme of much affectionate comment, both in Newport and New York at the time. The child was carefully educated. She had governesses and took a finishing course at a girl's school in Fifth avenue, New York, where only the daughters of the rich are eligible and acceptable to a committee of rich men who oversee the institution.

Of course, after her father's death, Miss Gladys was kept very much in the background. Society saw nothing of her—most of her time was spent abroad. There were private tutors for some subjects and Jean De Reszke taught her

singing. She studied painting in Paris, receiving instruction from a celebrated artist of the Quartier Latin. Once, however, she had to come out for a little publicity—when her brother, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, married Miss Elsie French. She was a bridesmaid, though only a slip of a girl. Evidently she is not superstitious, for she has been bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Josephine Brooks and John R. Livermore and at the wedding of Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloan, her cousin, and John Henry Hammond. "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride," runs the old saying, but Miss Vanderbilt has proved it contrary.

As soon as she got away from nurse girls, Miss Vanderbilt showed the Vanderbilt penchant for out door sports and athletics. Like her brothers, she loves horses, and more than once she has driven her favorite nag into first place at some of the horse shows, at Newport or Lenox. She took up automobile, too, and when she came back to Newport from Europe a couple of years ago she brought back and exquisite 32-horsepower Mercedes machine, which she drove along Bellevue avenue and Thames street, with the greatest skill. Rain couldn't keep her indoors, either, and more than once she was seen skimming along the road from the Breakers, clad in a white rubber raincoat, enjoying a conflict with the elements. Next she took up coaching and her mother gave her a coach and four which she soon learned to handle under the tutelage of a professional whip. She joined the Ladies Four-in-Hand club, of New York, and is eligible now to take part in their annual parade in Central Park. It's mighty inspiring, too, when jaded New Yorkers look upon a lot of young girls, each tooling her own coach and four, and none can do it better, than Miss Gladys Vanderbilt. She has taken up cooking, too, with a class of society girls. Should the cook leave the Count's Hungarian castle without notice, the American Countess could get him up a snack of Boston baked beans, pumpkin pie—if there are pumpkins in Hungary—good coffee and Parker rolls. She swims, too, and sometimes sails a boat. She likes tennis and golf, but hasn't given either game the time to make herself an expert.

Miss Vanderbilt made her formal debut to New York society in December, 1904. Her mother gave a large ball in her honor and Miss Vanderbilt led the cotillion with that premier of cotillion leaders of New York, Worthington Whitehouse. After that the entire Vanderbilt connection gave a series of entertainments for the debutante, topped off by a grand ball at Mrs. Vanderbilt's for the pick of society, in January, 1905. The fashionables found a debutante that wasn't bored, as most of them are in New York. Miss Gladys was having all kinds of fun. And so simple were her clothes that a girl without a soul to bless her, couldn't have envied this girl with \$12,500,000. She went to one wedding in a simple white muslin gown unadorned with a partial of lace. With it she wore a white sailor hat trimmed with a quill and a white velvet bow. Other girls of eighteen would have been in chiffon, velvet or lace, and in plumed picture hats. It was Mrs. Vanderbilt's idea to bring her up unspoiled by great wealth, and she has succeeded, as befitting the last of the Vanderbilt girls.

This youngest Miss Vanderbilt looks like her elder sister, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney—Gertrude Vanderbilt—when she was as young. Miss Gladys has the typical Vanderbilt Roman nose and dark features. She has a half somber countenance, though she is the merriest of persons. She is short and petite, as is her mother, with raven hair and dark, lustrous eyes. She has dressed always most simply, but now that she is soon to take her place as a lady of the Emperor of Austria's court more will be expected of her.

Of course, so rich a young woman has her name often mentioned as soon to be engaged. It was confidently predicted in society only last spring that she was to marry the Marquis of Anglessey. Again her name was coupled with that of young Robert Walton Goelet, who will inherit \$40,000,000 of the Goelet fortune. Count Szechenyi is a Roman Catholic and Miss Vanderbilt is an Episcopalian. For that reason there will have to be regulation dispensation and a church wedding must be foregone. "I wanted to have Gladys married in Newport, at the Breakers," Mrs. Vanderbilt told her friends, "but it would be hard to have them come up here in December, so we shall have it in New York." The arrangements have all been made. The ceremony will be performed by a priest in the Vanderbilt mansion on December 4. There will be a big reception afterward and a wedding journey both here and abroad.

By this marriage there is left no girl of the name of Vanderbilt, except little children of the next generation. Miss Consuelo is the Duchess of Marlborough; Miss Gertrude is Mrs. Whitney. Their aunts are Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, Mrs. William D. Sloan, Mrs. Seward Webb, Mrs. Walter Webb and Mrs. H. McKay Twombly, all of whom brought Vanderbilt millions as their dowries. On the day that Miss Gladys becomes the Countess of Szechenyi there will not be left another Miss Vanderbilt in New York society.